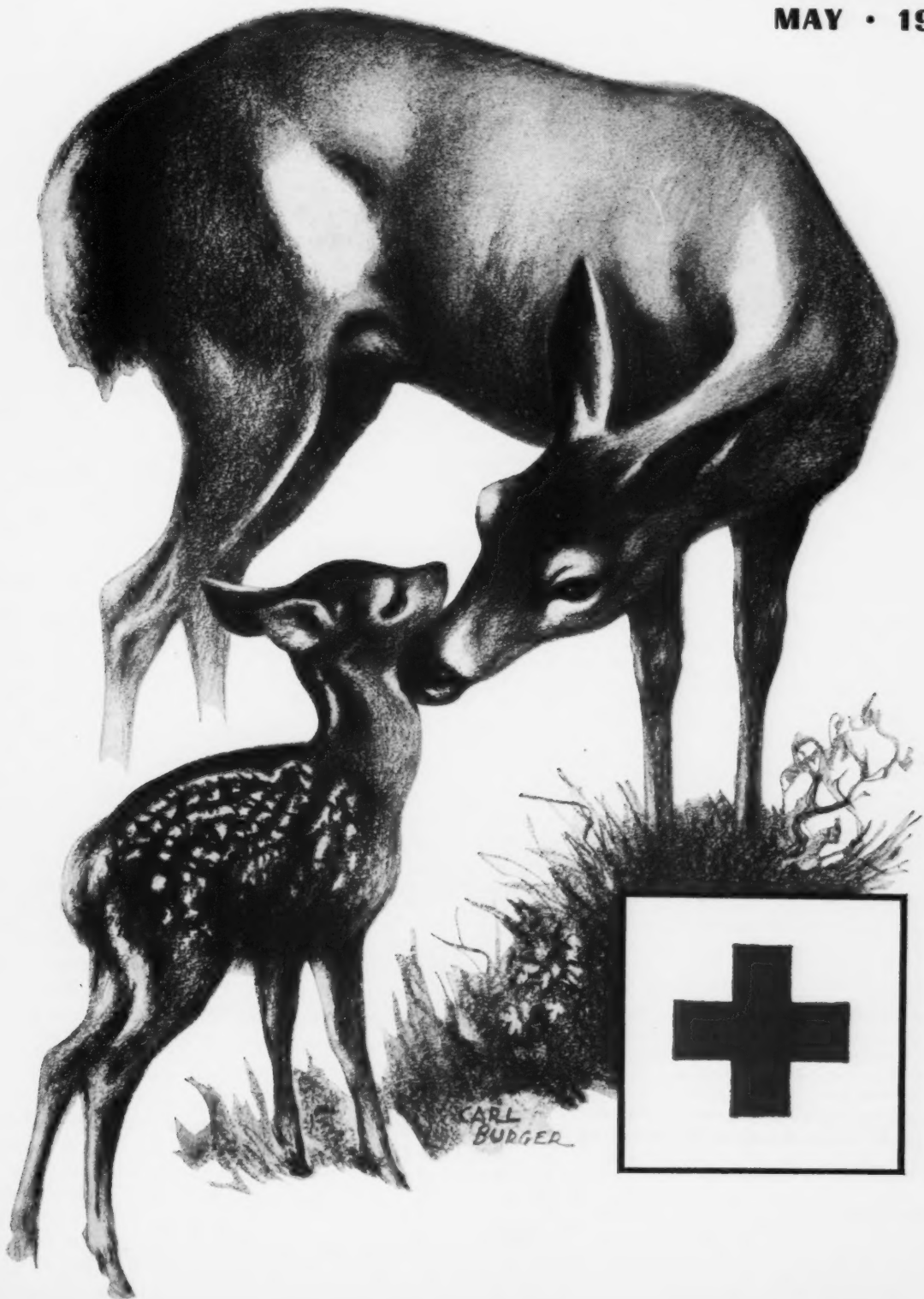


American Junior Red Cross

NEWS

MAY • 1959



NEWS

American Junior Red Cross

VOL. 40 MAY 1959 NO. 8

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MANY WONDERFUL WORLDS —World of Health

Our Cover

Carl Burger, whose drawings for Will Barker's story, *Something About Snakes*, you saw in the April 1959 NEWS, has made the cover design this month—"Woodland Creatures." Mr. Burger is a prominent commercial artist whose hobbies are animals and outdoor life.

Happy Birthday!

This year, 1959, marks the 50th anniversary of Red Cross Nursing Services. We salute them! The great work they have been able to accomplish was inspired by Florence Nightingale and Henri Dunant, both of whom have birthdays in May.

Florence Nightingale was born in England, May 12, 1820. She became history's most famous and honored nurse because of what she did in the field of nursing. Her birthday is observed as National Hospital Day.

Henri Dunant was born in Switzerland, May 8, 1828. The world honors him as the "spiritual founder" of the Red Cross, and his birthday will be widely observed throughout the Red Cross world.

In the Editor's Mail

Each time we receive copies of the NEWS and JOURNAL we cannot help but adore the wonderful creative works which are shown both in the covers and the contents. They not only tell us about the various aspects of Junior Red Cross activities, but also serve as good reference to our Junior Red Cross magazine editor.

—Shinsil Kim, Secy. General,
The Republic of Korea
National Red Cross

In the November issue of the NEWS I found a play, "The Three Pigs with a Purpose." I showed it to my teacher, and a few weeks later, some other pupils and I put on the play for our 5th grade class. Our teacher liked the play very much, and we enjoyed doing it.

We like to read the NEWS a lot.

—Gail Owens
Sacramento, Calif.

I am writing to ask if you could send me one of your March 1959, Vol. 40, No. 6 books. Because my sister let me use it and I was on the bus and I lost it. I am willing to pay for the book if you send me one. Could you do it as soon as possible, maybe right away!

—Delores Sax
Minneapolis, Minn.

Plans for 1959-60

Next October the NEWS will begin its new 1959-60 theme: "Friends Here and There." Watch for each issue to see what friends will come to you through the NEWS next year.

—Lois S. JOHNSON, editor



Joseph J. Lucas, Jr., photo

PARTY IN A BOX

CHICAGO, ILL.—A party in a box is real celebration for this boy at St. Hedwig's Orphanage. The boxes he and his friends received were created by Junior Red Cross members at Chicago's Resurrection High School. Also included in the box were cookies, candy, games, gifts, and decorations.



"You make music on a leaf?" Juan asked.

THE SINGING LEAF

by Florence Wightman Rowland

Illustrated by Paul Grout

USUALLY, Juan Guardo enjoyed walking through the cool forest to gather wood. He liked getting away from the hot Mexican sun even for a little while. But this morning, he was not happy. Today there was to be a fiesta in the village of Gata. He wanted to go and listen to the music. Always, whenever there was a fiesta, a band of three musicians played gay tunes in the plaza for all to hear.

Juan knew that he could not yet start for Gata. First he had to bring home enough wood for the cook stove. So far, he had only half as much wood as Mamacita needed to

cook their food.

As he looked between the trees for branches and sticks, Juan stopped to listen to a burst of song. He stared around, trying to see the bird that was making such delightful trills. The happy melody came from the top of a nearby tree. Juan saw a flash of blue wings as the bird suddenly flew away. Juan wished he could make music as beautiful as a bird song.

Juan liked the music those men made at the fiestas. He liked the sweet-sad notes of the violin best of all. He also enjoyed the plunk-

ing sounds of the guitar, the soft rattles of the maracas. Juan always tapped his foot on the ground in time to their music.

Once, upon seeing Juan's interest, one man asked, "Do you play?" He held out the guitar, offering it to Juan.

Timidly Juan had stammered, "B-but, I-I can't p-play. Yet!"

"When you learn," the man went on, "you may join our band whenever we come to Gata."

Often Juan had wondered if that man was only being nice to a boy who loved music. Had he meant what he said about Juan playing with the musicians? Juan could not be sure. But it was fun to dream about it. Maybe some day Juan would play with them.

Remembering this now, Juan knew it would be impossible for him to learn to play a violin or a guitar. At home there were three tiny brothers besides Juan. With so many to feed and clothe there were never enough centavos to go around. Papacito could not even afford to buy Juan maracas and these were not expensive.

Anxious to get to Gata, Juan hurried. However, by the time he had enough wood, it was almost noon. Disappointed, he tied the sticks together with a piece of rope. He slung the bundle over his shoulder. It was now too late to go to the fiesta.

WHEN JUAN WALKED OUT of the forest and started up the road, he heard a beautiful song. It did not sound like the notes of a bird. But what could it be? Juan tried to recognize the instrument. He knew he had never heard such music before. The nearest sound to it was the sweet-sad tones of a violin.

Soon Juan came to a small hut. He saw an old man sitting in front of it on a wooden bench under a laurel tree. The tree was as big as the one in Juan's own yard.

"Sit down," the old man called out cheerfully. "The sun is hot. Rest yourself."

Juan dropped his load of wood. "Were you making that music?" he asked, sitting down next to the man.

"Yes, I was playing on this leaf. See?"

"A leaf!" Juan did not believe him.

THE OLD MAN held up a shiny laurel leaf. "I pick off one whenever I feel like making a tune," he explained.

"I never heard about playing a leaf," Juan said. "It sounds almost like a violin. Will you play again—for me?"

Without answering, the old man reached up to a branch not far above his head. Juan watched him put the shiny leaf between his thumbs. He saw him raise them to his lips. Immediately, the air was filled with the sweet-sad music. It trembled and trilled, just like a bird song, only it was different.

When he had finished, the old man picked a leaf for Juan. "Try it," he said, and showed him how to hold it firmly between his thumbs. "Now, blow on it."

Juan did as the old man directed, but the squeaky sound he made disappointed him.

"In time you will learn," the old man went on. "It depends on how tightly you hold the leaf and how you blow on it. Keep on trying and you will soon learn. It is not hard."

Encouraged, Juan kept on trying. He did not stop until the sun was almost down to the western horizon. "Thank you," he said. "I must take the wood home now."

"And I am tired. I missed my siesta." There was a twinkle in the old man's eyes.

Juan thanked him again. Picking up his bundle, he started for home.

Imagine! In his own yard, Juan would have all of the leaves he would ever need. He would practice every moment he had. He hoped to make the notes as sweet as the old man's.

For many days and weeks that followed, Juan kept on practicing. He was quite good by then. He could play his favorite piece, the

Mexican hat dance, known as the *Jarabe*. That music was very fast and very gay. He felt he was now ready to play with those musicians.

Juan could hardly wait for the next fiesta. But finally the day came. Mamacita was going to Gata with him. Papacito would go for the wood and take care of the babies.

"I want to hear my son play with the fiesta musicians," she said. "I would not miss it for anything."

When they came to the plaza, Juan walked up to the men. "You told me I could play with you," Juan reminded them. "I can play the *Jarabe* with you, if you will let me."

"But I see no guitar," one of the men said. "No violin. What is it you play?"

Juan knew they would not believe him when he said, "I play a leaf. You will see. It sounds pretty."

"A leaf?" they asked, just as Juan had asked the old man many days ago.

Juan pulled from his pocket a handful of



laurel leaves. "Yes, I can make music with a leaf," he repeated.

"Play your singing leaf," the man said, tuning up his guitar.

Juan stood next to him as the musicians started the gay hat dance music. Juan kept up with them. He did not miss a note. He knew he did well because of the proud look on Mamacita's kind face. Juan was so glad he had learned to play the singing leaf, because for the first time he heard the people clapping their hands. They liked his music.



BORTROP/WESTPHALIA, WEST GERMANY—German Junior Red Cross members distributing American Junior Red Cross gift boxes to children in this community did it to music. The recorders and gay tunes made happy occasion a real gift box festival.

Food for Fun

NEWARK, N.J., CHAPTER

The Newark Red Cross "food for fun" project is food for thought by anyone who wants to have fun while learning about how good food builds strong bodies. . . .

With long hours of summertime play coming up, boys and girls need to know which foods will give them the most "fuel" for the day's fun.

For over 10 years now, the Red Cross chapter in Newark, New Jersey, has been making games out of learning about good food at parks and playgrounds. And last summer, Junior Red Cross members themselves began going along with the chapter's nutrition director, Mrs. Caroline Addison, to help out with the games.

As an example of how the games go, take the dart board. Targets on the board are dif-

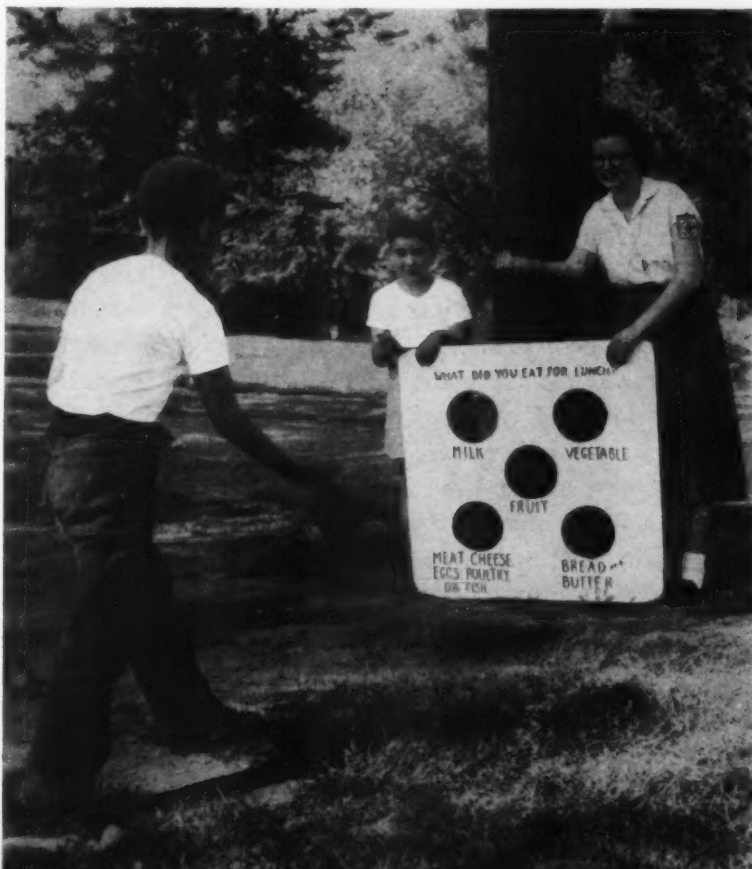
ferent foods. Each one has a score, with milk in the bullseye having the highest score of all. By playing this game, boys and girls have plenty of fun and also learn that some foods give them more "fuel" than others do.

The same idea is used in scoring bean bag, ring-toss, and other games.

Another game that everyone likes to play is the raisin relay race. In this game, each competitor runs with a bowl of raisins, sets it down at a certain mark, spears one raisin with a toothpick, and runs back to the starting point with the speared raisin. The fastest runner wins, of course, and then everybody sits down to eat raisins while Mrs. Addison tells a story about what a good food raisins are.

Good food makes you strong so you can have even more fun at everything.

Away goes the beanbag, headed for . . . Well, what do you suppose the pitcher had for lunch? If he had each of the kinds of food named on the board, he scores tops, has energy he needs for full afternoon of fun. Holding game board at Newark, N.J., park are Sandra Bennett (r), JRC "Food for Fun" volunteer of South Side HS, and unidentified elementary school JRCer.



What's My Age?

by Will Barker

Author of "Familiar Animals of America" and "Winter-Sleeping Wildlife," published by Harper and Bros.

ameter and grow as tall as 300 feet. John Muir, the naturalist-writer, explained the survival of these trees in this way:

"... God cared for these trees, saved them from droughts, diseases, avalanches, and a thousand straining, levelling tempests, and floods . . ."

Not so long ago another very old tree was discovered in California. This one grows almost at mountain-top heights. It is known as "wind timber," for where it has become established the wind blows constantly. The discovery of this tree was reported in many United States newspapers. Perhaps you remember seeing an item about the Bristlecone Pine. For that is the name of the tree that scientists believe has lived at least forty centuries.

The age of the Bristlecone Pine was determined by scientists from the Tree Ring Research Laboratory at the University of Arizona. Each year, as you probably know, a tree grows just so much in what is called a "single growth year." The amount a tree enlarges in this year is known as the "growth layer." So the scientists from the laboratory counted



Gabriel Moulin photo

Nature's cathedral: Sequoias in the National Tribute Grove, California.

IF YOU WANT TO FIND the oldest living things in the world, you don't have to look any further than our own continent of North America. The best known "Methuselahs" of the natural world are the Giant Sequoias, which grow high up in the Sierra Nevada Mountains in California. The Giant Sequoia is a member of the pine family, and some sequoias in the Sierra Nevada are more than 3,500 years old.

Two of them have been named after well-known generals. The two are the General Sherman and the General Grant. Many Giant Sequoias measure more than 30 feet in di-

these layers. In this way they knew about how old the Bristlecone Pine is.

In addition to these "Methuselahs," North America may be the home of the oldest living thing. Like the Giant Sequoia and the Bristlecone Pine, this is also vegetable. And it has been given the name *El Tule*.

El Tule is an ancient cypress. To see it you will have to travel to the village of *Santa Maria Del Tule* in southern Mexico. Here in the churchyard grows *El Tule*. Its age has been reckoned at 5,000 years. To have lived so long means that *El Tule* started to grow at the time the first pyramids were built in Egypt. And that was in 3042 B.C.

Now that we have talked about the longest-living things known on earth, let's try to guess the one with the shortest adult life. Part of its name is a spring month. You may be able to name the month almost at once because some people dance around a certain kind of pole on its first day. Yes, now you know. The first part of the name is May.

Now for the second part of the name. It is a verb of motion. The verb is one we think of when we see birds in the air. That should be enough to tell you what creature I am writing about. It is the insect known as the Mayfly. The entire adult life of the Mayfly may be only a few hours or at the very most a few days.

The Mayfly belongs to the order *Ephemera*. The name of the order comes from a Greek word meaning "dayfly." And from the Greek word, we get the English word ephemeral, pronounced *e-FEM-er-al*. It is an adjective that means "beginning and ending in a day." And that is an excellent description of the short life of the Mayfly.

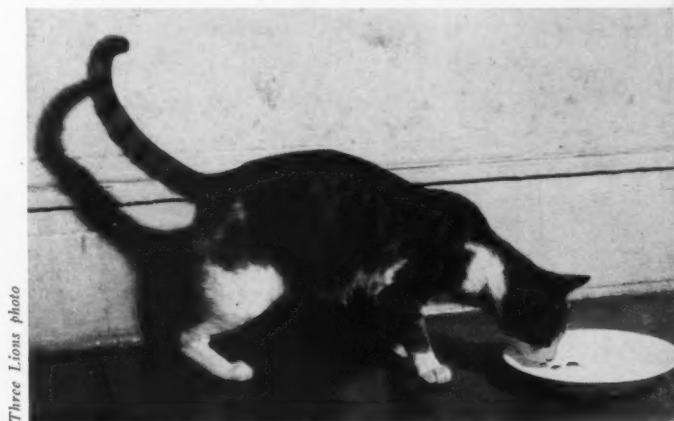
The Mayfly is food for a number of fishes. One of these fishes has such a large mouth that a part of its common name is because of its mouth. The age to which this fish with stripes on the side lives sometimes equals a number that is considered bad luck by the

superstitious. Have you guessed this freshwater fish yet? Well, if you haven't, it's the large-mouth bass. And the number of years it has been known to live is thirteen.

SOME ISLANDS off the west coast of South America are the home of a long-lived animal. It reaches such an age that scientists are inclined to think it may be the oldest living animal in the world. The best way to describe this island inhabitant is to say that it is "an animal in armor." It is also a giant of its kind. It used to be a source of fresh meat for the crews of sailing vessels.

With these clues, all of you probably know that I am writing about a land turtle or tortoise. This particular species is the Giant Tortoise of the Galapagos Islands. We know that one of them lived two hundred and fifty years.

Alongside the tortoise from the Galapagos Islands, our own box turtle is a midget. But this well-known North American animal has established an age record. The usual life span is twenty to forty years. But some live as long as one hundred years. And one in New England lived to be at least one hundred and twenty-nine. This age was determined because in the early 1800's someone had carved dates on the under shell. So it is safe to say that the New England box turtle was five or six years older than that. For it takes that many years for the shell to harden so that dates could be carved on it.



Three Lions photo

Well-cared-for kitty may reach 23.

THREE NATIVE North American birds live for fifty or more years. The one with the shortest life span is the one with the largest bill. Some of you may have seen one species of this awkward bird fishing in Florida. In case you have not guessed our No. 1 Bird, it is the Brown Pelican. The oldest known pelican died at the age of 51 years.

Our No. 2 is a soaring species. It has the word "bald" in its name. But it is not truly bald. White feathers on its head give it the appearance of baldness. Yes, you're right, this next oldest of our feathered friends is the Bald Eagle. It lives to be 55 years of age.

The last one, our No. 3 bird, has a reputation for being wise. In fact such wisdom was attributed to it that the great English poet Keats once described someone as being "Wise as an —." If you can fill in the blank space with a three-letter word, you'll have the name of this hooting bird. Whether the owl is truly wise no one knows. But the age of this beneficial bird is known. Sixty-eight—almost three score and ten—is the record.

The ages reached by three sea creatures are also a matter of record. The whale lives to be at least 30 years old and may even live a few years longer. Another long-living sea creature is the lobster. This sharp-clawed shell-

fish reaches an age of 50. And the third one on record is the flower-like anemone. It lives 60 to 100 years.

As a rule pets and farm animals are well cared for and thus live longer than those in the wild. One of the oldest known cats was 23 years of age at the time of its death. Among dogs there are some whose masters have had to arrange parties on their 22nd birthdays.

A cow owned by a New Zealand farmer died at 32. Death was not due to old age but



Roy Rogers' horse, Trigger, is spry at 20.



Bossy may live over three decades.

because she broke a leg and did not recover from the accident. Probably the oldest known age of a horse is 50 years.

Cockatoos and parrots are the longest living of the caged birds. Though cockatoos often become bald and forgetful as they grow older, they may live to be 90. The word that describes an animal that lives to be 90 is nonagenarian, pronounced *non-a-je-NAR-i-an*. As nonagenarians, cockatoos are still lively as the friskiest squirrel—an animal that in the wild may live to be eight years old. For a parrot to

live to be a hundred years old is not unusual. One actually lived for 125 years, while another reached its 140th birthday. The swans that glide so gracefully over the ponds and lakes of parks and zoos are long-lived, too. One such swan in England was at least 170 at the time of its death. The age of this bird was determined by a band on its leg dated either 1711 or 1717.

ONE LONG-LIVED ANIMAL is not a native of North America. This gray-skinned mammal is found either in India or Africa. In addition to its gray, loose-fitting skin, this native of India and Africa has big, fanlike ears, a tiny tail, and a trunk. It works for a living in its own countries, and it performs in circuses.

Yes, this last animal in "What's My Age?"

is the elephant. At one time the Bombay-Burma Trading Company had 17,000 working elephants. Only a few lived to be 55 to 65 years old. Still fewer reached 65. Zoo elephants often live to be 50 years old. And one in an American zoo is supposed to have been 85 when it died of old age.

The animals of any wildlife community struggle to stay alive. All animals throughout the world depend upon one another for food in some way. Each plays a role in the great cycle of life. Not many survive to die of old age. And though our oldest living things are known to be trees, most plants do not live a long time. But by one means or another scientists are able to determine the ages of the animals and plants in the world around us.

GIFT BOX FRIENDS

*"The minute I opened my box,
my love for you
grew and grew,
and it became as big
as a tree
to embrace you
with all its branches."*

—from a Greek boy's gift
box thank-you letter.

WICHITA FALLS, TEX.—Mrs. Ralph Lewis tells Ben Franklin School JRCers about her native Greece. Gift boxes packed by school's JRCers went to Greek children. Mrs. Lewis translated the enthusiastic letters that the children sent to their gift box friends in America.





Johnny and the Burying Beetles

Written and illustrated by FLAVIA GÁG

THERE IN THE GRASS behind the barn, Johnny found a bird. It was a small wren and it was dead.

"Oh, poor bird," said Johnny. "I wonder what made it die. I'm going to bury it next to my little ground mole."

Squatting down to look at it a minute, he noticed something moving nearby. There was a flash of reddish-orange in the grass. Then he saw a black beetle, with two bright orange stripes across its back. It was very busy, hurrying this way and that, but always keeping close to the dead bird.

"What is he doing, I wonder?" said Johnny, sitting very still as he watched. The beetle was pushing into the ground with its strong head and back—down and then up again, down and then up again. Each time he pushed, he scooped up a little bit of dirt and threw it in a heap.

"Hey, Mr. Beetle!" exclaimed Johnny. "Who taught you how to shovel dirt, I'd like to know?" It tickled his funny bone to see the antics of the insect. It was actually digging a shallow ditch all around one side of the bird.

As the ditch grew deeper and a little deeper, the mound of earth grew a little higher.

Johnny looked on, fascinated, while Mr. Beetle worked. Then, as more ground was being dug out, the bird gradually slid down into the groove.

Suddenly, the beetle dropped to the ground and lay there, as still as a stone.

"Goodness," said Johnny, "maybe he worked so hard that he dropped dead!" The



boy sat for a long while, anxiously looking for a sign of life.

Then, just as suddenly as the beetle had dropped to the ground, he sprang to his feet again and began shoveling with all his might. He had only stopped to take a rest!

THIS TIME, the beetle went to the other side of the wren. There he began digging another little ditch. How he worked! He dug all around the bird, until it shifted position and settled a little deeper into the groove. And again, in the midst of his work, the beetle dropped in his tracks and lay there, without even twitching the tip of his feelers.

"Poor guy," laughed Johnny, "I guess he's knocked out again!"

By and by, another beetle joined the first one. It was orange and black too. Now there were two of them, both working away for dear life. From time to time, one or the other of them would drop suddenly to take a rest.

Gradually, the bird slid down into the hollow that was being dug out from under it, while all around it there was a ridge of freshly-turned ground. But instead of going on with their digging, the two beetles climbed up on the ridge. With their strong heads, they began scooping up the loose dirt. Little by little, they tossed it down over the little wren lying in the hollow!

Johnny couldn't believe his eyes. He raced back to the house, calling, "Hey, Mom, there are two big beetles behind the barn and they're burying a dead bird!"

His mother did not believe him at first. They both hurried to the barn, then tiptoed up to the place where the bird had lain. But where was it? It was nowhere to be seen. Presently, Johnny's mother spied a small patch of loose dirt, nicely smoothed out, with just a few feathers showing through.

"Here it is," she said excitedly, catching sight of the two insects still hard at work. After a while one of the beetles rose into the

air. He zoomed around for a few minutes, then landed on the feathers and burrowed down into them. He seemed to be hiding.

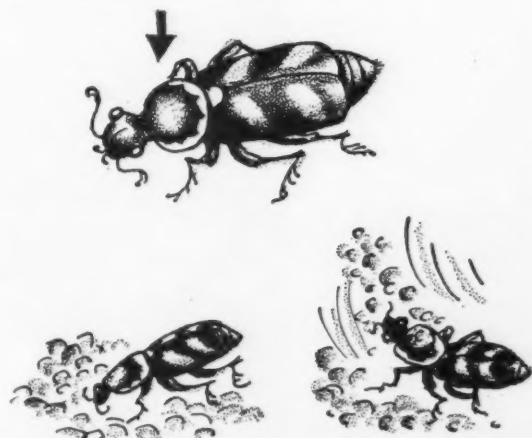
Before long, however, he came out again. Then he helped his partner shovel a little more. When they had covered up every last feather of the dead wren, they spread their wings and zoomed away, seeming well satisfied with a job well done.

Johnny looked at his mother, astonishment on his face. "What do you think of those guys? Neat work, wasn't it? And I didn't have to bury the little wren after all, because they did it for me."

THE insects Johnny had watched were two burying beetles, or Sexton Beetles as they are sometimes called. These odd insects work very hard to bury any small dead animal or bird they come across. Before covering the animal completely, the female lays its eggs in the fur or feathers. This is what Johnny's beetle was doing when it seemed to be hiding. When the eggs hatch, the grubs or larvae feed on the buried animal. Later, they turn into pupae, and the following spring into handsome black beetles with orange bands across their back.

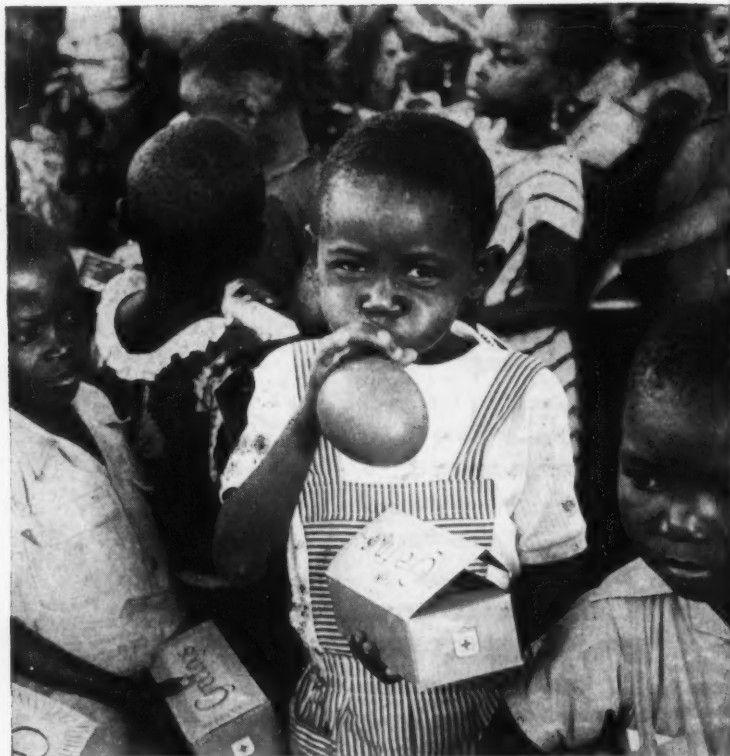
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Burying Beetle's enlarged thorax can bend up or down, enabling insect to "shovel" dirt.



FAR AND WIDE GO

RUANDA-URUNDI, AFRICA—Gift box fun at Ngagara School.



Pol Latal Photo

AMMAN, JORDAN—Young Jordanians explore gifts from U. S. friends.



Connacht Tribune Photo



GALWAY, IRELAND—JRCers of Presentation Convent School present gift box to a small patient at the Regional Hospital.

TEACHERS... *Your Attention, Please!*

This insert can be removed and placed on your bulletin board to serve as a focal point for a series of lessons on water safety. The major elements necessary for the safety and welfare of an individual who will be in or around water are highlighted on the posters. This material, as well as the manner in which it is presented, should provoke the youngsters' interest in water safety and stimulate lively discussions and project ideas.

Projects for Students

Some examples of projects that a class might undertake follow:

1. Create a "water safety" bulletin board, with students contributing newspaper articles, pictures from magazines, original drawings, etc.
2. Write English compositions on single phases depicted on the poster, or other safety aspects based on personal experiences.
3. Clip newspaper articles concerning safety practices, drownings or water accidents and discuss them before the class.
4. Suggest water safety dos and don'ts and explain them.
5. Make a drawing of an original idea for a water safety tip.

Suggestions for Teachers

The field of water safety offers many opportunities for teachers to introduce projects that will add to the pupils' education and be entertaining at the same time. Whenever the Red Cross is to be involved, the Junior Red Cross teacher-sponsor should be included in the planning. Here are a few suggestions to consider:

1. Invite someone from the Red Cross, YMCA, YWCA, police department, recreation department or similar group to speak to the class on water safety.
2. Show one of the Red Cross water safety motion pictures and follow it with a discussion of key points.
3. Conduct a survey to determine the swimming ability of class members. A natural follow-up might be to work with the Red Cross chapter Water Safety Service to enroll students in a learn-to-swim campaign.
4. Make plans for classes to visit a public or private swimming pool or beach area, if your Red Cross chapter is able to arrange for a water safety demonstration.

If you would like additional inserts, request them from your Red Cross chapter.





HAVE FUN—BUT...

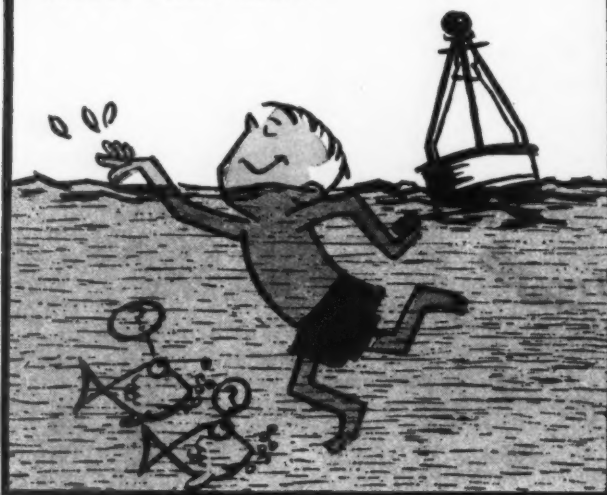
Watch your step



Don't depend on a tube



Never swim alone



Too much sun will spoil your fun





HAVE FUN—BUT...

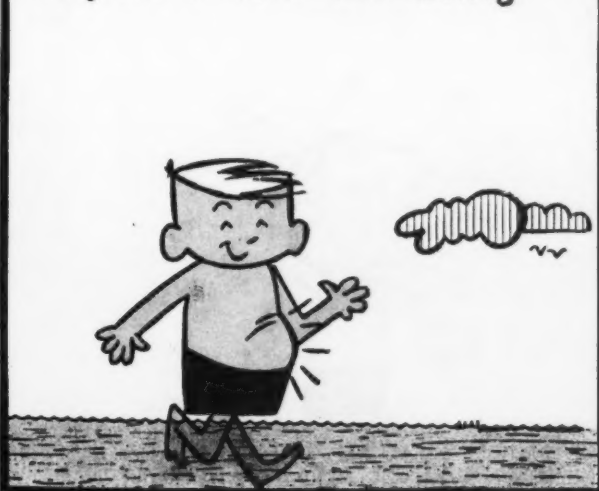
Don't swim under a diving board



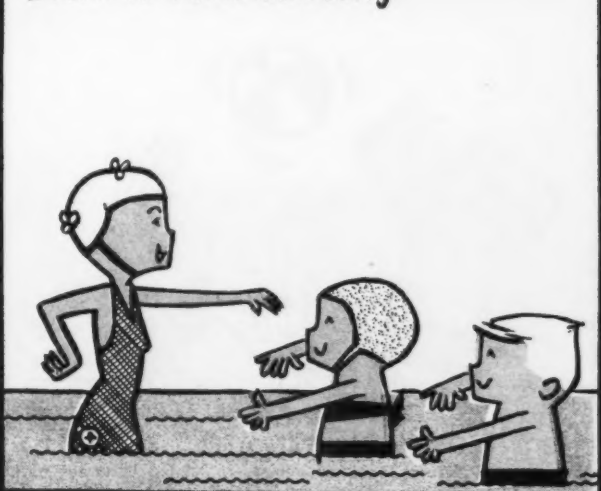
Don't dive in strange places



Stay out of water after eating



Learn to swim correctly



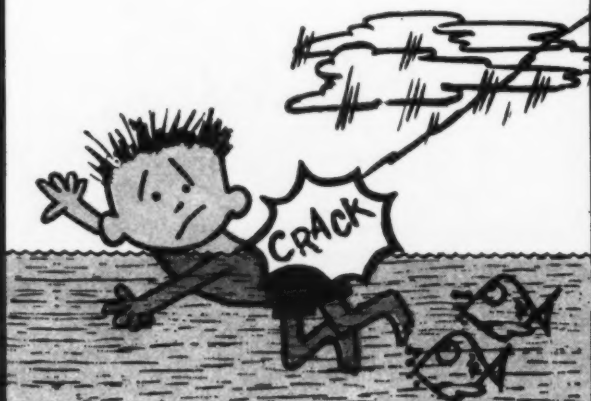


HAVE FUN—BUT...

Dry off after bathing



Stay out of water during storms



Be considerate of others



Stay out of water when overheated



GIFTS OF FRIENDSHIP

Jordan . . . Central Africa . . . Ireland . . . Nigeria . . . Ceylon . . . Korea . . . Haiti —these are just a few of the hundreds of places in the world to which your gift boxes have gone to say "Hello" for you.

Every gift box you make carries your friendship to some far-away place . . . to cheer children you may never see but who will never forget you.



NORTHERN NIGERIA—For the young patients at Alushi Leprosy Settlement.



SEOUL, KOREA—Gift box excitement at Gun Wha Chunyng Nyaang School.



COLOMBO, CEYLON—JRCers here love their greetings from friends half-way around world in U. S.

PORT AU PRINCE, HAITI—Gift boxes liven party at St. Vincent's School for the Handicapped.



If you look, you can find
many surprises at the beach.
Read how Jane found hers.



THE MYSTERY SURPRISE

by Ruth Everding Libbey

Jane was waiting on the front porch for her Aunt Linda. She and Aunt Linda were going to spend the day at Seaside Beach.

"There comes Aunt Linda!" Jane called in to her mother. "I wonder if she will have a mystery surprise for me today?"

"Well, it won't be long until you find out," smiled her mother as she came out on the front porch.

At the beach, Jane and Aunt Linda went up the boardwalk to the umbrella stand.

"You stay here and pick out a pretty umbrella while I go down the boardwalk and buy our box-lunches," said Aunt Linda.

Jane finally chose a big blue and white umbrella.

Aunt Linda was back in a few minutes. "What a beautiful umbrella," she exclaimed as she paid the man. "I don't see another one like it on the whole beach."

They carried the long folded umbrella down near the waves.

"This humpy sand dune will make a nice back-rest for you," said Jane as she helped Aunt Linda wiggle-waggle the long sharp-pointed umbrella stick back and forth in the clean white sand.

Jane and Aunt Linda took off their shoes and socks. They left them and the lunch in the shade of the umbrella. Then they went wading. They squealed as the cool sudsy waves tickled their toes.

They hunted for thin white sea shells.

They built a sand castle and used the thin white shells for windows.

Jane saw a feathery piece of shiny seaweed in a curling green wave. She ran after it and draped it around her neck. She looked behind her as she ran back to Aunt Linda.

"Look, I've almost no shadow following me. That means it must be noon," said Jane.

"Yes, and it means it's time for lunch. Hurry, I'll race you back to our blue and white umbrella," said Aunt Linda.

They ate their tuna sandwiches and slowly sipped their milk through yellow straws. As they ate they watched the lazy waves slip and slide up on the wet sand.

After they had finished eating, Aunt Linda took a magazine out of her beachbag. She settled back against the sloping sand dune.

"What shall I do while you read?" asked Jane.

"Well, why don't you go and hunt for

Tiny," suggested Aunt Linda. "Tiny might even have a surprise for you."

"Oh. Aunt Linda, you always have some kind of a mystery surprise," said Jane. "But who is Tiny? Which way shall I go? Can't you give me just a hint?"

"The only clue I can give you is that Tiny is in that direction," said Aunt Linda as she pointed down the beach toward the boardwalk. "Don't go out of sight of our blue and white umbrella. And just for good luck, let me tie this green bandanna around your wrist."

Jane put on her floppy sun-hat. Then she started off down the sandy beach toward the boardwalk.

The first person she came to was a lady knitting under a yellow umbrella. A tiny white kitten was getting itself tangled up in the purple yarn.

"Is your kitten's name Tiny?" asked Jane politely.

"No, dear, I call it Snow Drop," said the lady as she went on knitting.

A little boy came toward Jane. "Do you want to see my tiny crab?" he asked as he held up a sandy bucket half filled with salt water.

"Is its name Tiny?" asked Jane.

"Nope!" snickered the boy. "Crabs don't have names."

"Well, could your name be Tiny then?" she asked.

"I suppose it could be but it isn't. You're warm though. My name is Timmy."

Jane walked over to a playpen under a red umbrella.

A little blue-eyed baby was sitting on a blue blanket. The baby was waving a pink rattle.

"Is your baby named Tiny?" Jane asked the baby's mother.

"No, her name is Angelina Amanda Anderson," smiled the young mother.

"My, but that's a long name for such a little baby," said Jane as she waved her hand with the green bandanna tied to her wrist.

Near the boardwalk Jane met a boy who had a tiny black poodle on a leash.

"Is your little dog's name Tiny?" she asked.

"No, his name is Tiddly-Winks," the boy replied, then said, "Tiddly-Winks, shake hands with the lady."

Jane giggled to herself as she left them. "Imagine that! Calling his little dog Tiddly-Winks and me a lady. What a funny boy he must be."

When Jane reached the boardwalk she turned around and looked to be sure that she could still see the blue and white umbrella. She waved the green bandanna. Aunt Linda waved back with her magazine.

On the boardwalk an organ-grinder was playing a dancy tune. A little monkey ran over to Jane and held up a tin cup.

"I'm sorry," smiled Jane, "but I don't have any money." Then she asked the organ-grinder if the little monkey's name was Tiny.

"No, no," he said. "Hes-a name is Columbus."

Jane saw a popcorn wagon just ahead of her. The biggest man she had ever seen was shaking a wire basket over a gas flame.

Pretty soon the dry corn kernels began to flippity-flop. Jane thought the popping corn



looked like little white fluffy birds tumbling over one another trying to get out of their cage.

"What can I do for you?" boomed the big man.

"Oh, nothing," said Jane. "I haven't any money so I can't buy any popcorn today. I'm just looking for Tiny."

"Tiny! TINY!" shrieked a shrill voice as a little parakeet flew to the big man's shoulder.

"Keep still!" boomed the big man. "Don't interrupt the lady."

"Oh, Mister, is your parakeet's name Tiny?" asked Jane.

"No, it isn't. Now there's a good bird," he said as he gently stroked the parakeet's back. "Tell the lady your name."

"BIG BOY! BIG BOY!" shrieked the little bird.

"But I don't understand," said Jane. "It's such a little bird, so why should it be called Big Boy?"

"Well, its name is no funnier than mine," boomed the big man.

Before Jane could ask what his name was the little parakeet shrieked, "Tiny! TINY! please feed Big Boy."

"So you are Tiny! At last I have found out the mystery. At last I've found Tiny," said Jane clapping her hands as the green bandan-

na fluttered like a flag.

"Here are two bags of popcorn for you," smiled the big man whose name was Tiny.

"But I thought I told you I don't have any money," said Jane.

"This is already paid for," said Tiny as he looked at the green bandanna tied to Jane's wrist. "There's one bag for you and one for your aunt."

"But I don't understand," said Jane.

"Well," chuckled Tiny, as he put the two bags that were spilling over with warm buttery popcorn into a large bag, "I guess Tiny's popcorn must be part of a mystery surprise."

Illustrated by
George Wilde



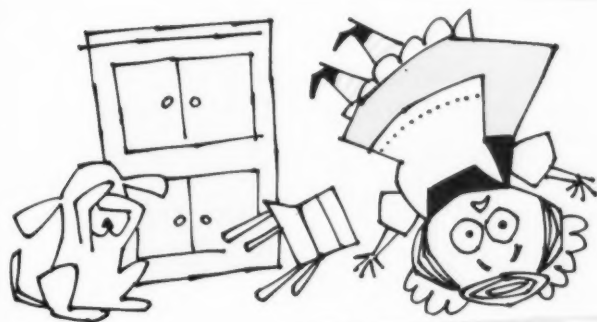
Jane clapped her hands happily.

MOTHER GOOSE SAFETY RHYMES

by Margaret Schumacher

Illustrated by Tim Evans

Little Jack Horner
Stood on a corner,
Watching the cars go by. . . .
When traffic light
Was shining right,
He crossed just as easy as pie!



Old Mother Hubbard
Went to the cupboard
To get her poor dog a bone.
She stood on a chair
To reach one there
And broke a few bones of her own!

Jack Spratt had a baseball that
He followed every place. . . .
He chased a fly, as cars raced by—
Now he can't make first base.



Old King Cole is a careless old soul—
As careless as he can be!
He fools around when using tools,
Then calls for his doctors three.
He often fails to hammer nails
And hits his thumb, instead,
He can't use saws, at all, because
He will not use his head!

Little Boy Blue
Was a boy who knew
Two boys on a bike are quite wrong;
When friends said they'd like
To hitchhike on his bike,
He told them just to run along!



THE BLUEBERRY

PIE ELF



by Jane Thayer

There was once an elf who lived in a house with some people. No one knew he lived in the house because no one can see an elf, and no one can hear an elf, and no one can feel an elf.

One day, when blueberries were ripe, the people picked a pailful. The elf watched, perched on the blueberry bush.

They made a blueberry pie. The elf watched, perched on the kitchen table, as the crust was rolled out and the berries, all covered with sugar, were tucked inside.

When the delicious smell of the baking pie stole out from the oven, the elf sniffed. He wanted that blueberry pie so much that he almost got his nose caught in the oven door.

At last the pie was done. The people ate some for supper. The elf watched every

mouthful and his mouth watered.

The people left the rest of the pie on the kitchen table. And the minute they went to bed the elf, who couldn't wait one more minute, jumped right into that rich, sweet, syrupy, tender pie and ate till his elfin stomach bulged.

Then he climbed out of the pie and stole away to sleep off his feast in a corner of the window sill.

He did not know that all over the white table he had left little elfin blueberry-pie footprints!

Next morning the people saw the blueberry-pie footprints and cried in surprise, "We've got an elf in the house!" But they thoughtlessly ate up the blueberry pie for breakfast.

After a while the elf awoke. The first thing he thought was, "Mm! I'll have some blueberry pie!" But the blueberry pie was gone.

The elf looked in the refrigerator. He looked in the oven. He looked in the cupboard, even in the drawer. The pie was gone.

It seemed to the elf that he could not stand it if he did not have some blueberry pie—warm, rich, melting, juicy, delicious blueberry pie.

"Oh," he said to himself, "they have got to make another blueberry pie. I'll ask them."



So he danced up and down and waved his arms. He shouted in people's ears. He tapped them on the shoulder. But no one can see an elf, and no one can hear an elf, and no one can feel an elf, so nobody knew that the elf was trying to tell them something.

The elf paced up and down, up and down, trying to forget the taste of blueberry pie. He squeezed his eyes tight to shut out the picture of blueberry pie. He crawled under a pillow to shut out the smell of blueberry pie. It was no use.

The elf was miserable. He moped around, his mouth watering for a piece of blueberry pie.

At last one day he saw the people get ready to make a pie! The elf grew very excited. Then he saw that this was an apple pie. He didn't like apple pie. He crawled under the bed, he was so disappointed.

One day they made a coconut custard pie. He didn't like custard pie. He turned up his nose. They made a lemon meringue pie, but the elf didn't like the looks of *that*!

Then the people made a red cherry pie. It looked good. When they left it on the kitchen table the elf tiptoed up and tried a piece.

But it tasted sour. It didn't taste like blueberry pie at all! He turned away, bitterly disappointed.

He was just curling up in a miserable little elfin ball, to try to go to sleep and forget blueberry pie, when he heard someone call, "Our little elf has been in the cherry pie and he left little cherry footprints!"

The elf was curious. He went back and looked at his footprints. Sure enough, there they were—bright red elfin footprints on the white table.

He was admiring his elfin footprints when suddenly he had a great idea! He did not wait a moment. He gave a jump and landed with a splash in the middle of the cherry pie. No one saw him because no one can see an elf.

The elf waded around in the cherry juice

until his feet were dripping. Then he climbed out on the white table with his slippery, sloppy feet and very carefully began to slide about. As he slid about, his slippery, sloppy feet, all red with cherry juice, made some red words on the white table.

The words said, "Blueberry pie, please!"

When they saw that, the people said,



Illustrated by Dagmar Wilson

"Look, he wants some blueberry pie."

So they made a blueberry pie. The elf perched on the kitchen table and watched with his mouth watering.

They put the pie in the oven to bake. The elf almost got put in with it, he was so eager. Then he paced up and down, up and down, hardly able to wait.

They took the pie out of the oven. They said, "We'll cut him a big piece."

Then, while it was still warm, the elf gave a great jump and landed in that pie. He stuffed himself on the rich, melting, sweet, syrupy, tender, fruity pie that he had been thinking about for days, until at last he had had enough to last him for a long time.

His tummy was full and he felt fine. He stole away to sleep off his feast.

But just before he fell asleep he remembered his manners. He crept back, climbed into the pie, and got his feet slippery and sloppy.

Then, as he slid about, his slippery feet, all blue with blueberry juice, made some blue words on the white table.

The words said, "THANK YOU!"

The Junior Red Cross maypole is up and whirling with all sorts of activities everywhere in the nation. Here we see some of the many things JRCers are doing.



BOSTON, MASS.—All dressed up for the occasion in a bright dress, Prince School JRCer packs gift box.

COLORADO SPRINGS, COLO.—Christine Marciniak and Erma Phillips care for flowers at Deaf and Blind School. Flowers are given to sick and shut-ins.



Greenhouse photo

HONOLULU, HAWAII—Oahu Island JRCers made 6,000 leis for May 1. Alfred Abreu III (r) gives one to Children's Hospital patient.



MAY DAYS IN





JUNIOR RED CROSS

BALTIMORE, MD.—Circle of small water-lovers splashes in "learn-to-swim" class.



PENSACOLA, FLA.—Miss America was a JRCer, too. Here JRC Chairman Mrs. Savell (r) "pins" her. Maureen Ray (l) models poster, calling on all boys and girls to serve through JRC.

After you read this story, you, too, will have
a secret of the woods to tell all your friends.



Anybody's Secret . . .

THE SUN shone bright.

The bees buzzed loud.

A little girl played with her stick family near an old barn.

There was a crashing in the pine woods. Out burst a little boy, full of excitement.

"I know a secret trick!" he called. "I can do something magic in the pine woods!"

The little girl jumped up. "Tell me!" she begged. "Tell me!"

The boy, who was her big brother, shook his head doubtfully as he sat down to rest. "Can you walk in the woods for a very long way?" he asked. "Can you sit still for a very long time?"

"Of course I can!" said the little girl.

"Watch me!"

First, she ran round and round the barn—once, twice, three times.

Then she sat down on a rock and sat and sat.

She did not wink.

She did not blink.

She did not wiggle.

She did not giggle.

She just sat very still for a long, long time.

The boy laughed at last and said, "Come, I will show you my secret."

Together they went into the cool pine woods.

A fat porcupine waddled by on his way to the potato field.



Illustrated by Harold Munson

by Gladys R. Saxon

"Is that the secret?" the little girl asked.

"Of course not," said the boy. "Porcupines are not pretty enough."

They came to a stone wall in a clearing. A fine puff adder was sunning himself on top of the wall.

"Is that the secret?"

"Of course not," said the boy. "Puff adders can make no music."

They went on.

A deer and her fawn nibbled at tender birch leaves ahead of them.

"No, they are not my secret," said the boy before his little sister could ask. "They are much too big."

Now they were deep within the cool pine

woods. All around them were only pine trees and oak trees.

The secret was not the noisy woodpeckers working at the skeleton tops of the trees.

Neither was it the family of squirrels nestled in the crotch of a big oak tree.

Nor the skittery chipmunks running with plump cheeks along an old log.

Nor the furry little bats sleeping upside-down in the rocky cave.

Nor the smooth-feathered screech owl blinking from a tall stump nearby.

Not one of these was the boy's secret, not one.

The little girl stopped walking. "Maybe you have no secret," she said. "Maybe you are only fooling me."

The boy smiled at her. He pointed to a little hill just ahead.

"There is where you will see my secret," he said. "There is where I will show you my secret trick."

He settled her against a tree-trunk. Then he walked a little way away and stood still, perfectly still, among the pines.

The little girl had walked a very long way. Now she was sitting very still a long, long time.

She saw no secret, no secret at all.

Her eyes closed and she slept.

But the boy stood among the pines, quiet as any one of them.

Slowly, he put the back of one hand to his lips. "Can I do my magic trick again?" he thought to himself. "Will it really work again?"

Kissss—sssss—Kssssss—

The squeaky kissing sounds he made moved away from him like circles on a pond.

He listened. There was no sound but the rustling of the oaks, the sighing in the pines.

Kissss—sssss—kssssss—

He listened.

"Seeee—deeeeee," whistled a chickadee, far away.

"Yank—yank," called a nuthatch.

"Chip-chip-chip," chatted a junco.

The boy felt his heart leap. "I can do it!" he whispered. "I can do my secret trick again."

Still standing quiet as the trees around him, the boy went on making soft kissing sounds on his hand.

Now he was surrounded by birds, just about dozens of birds, chirping and playing and flitting all about him. He had *called* the birds right to him!

In her dream, the little girl heard the birds.

She opened her eyes, then closed them. Was she still dreaming? No, there was her

big brother right where she had seen him last.

She jumped up. "*That's your secret!*" she cried.

Like magic, very sad magic, the birds vanished.

The little girl began to whimper, but the boy said, "Don't mind. I can do it again. I can call the birds any time I want to, and *so can you!*"

And indeed she could.

In only a bit of time, the little girl had called just as many birds as her brother had—and a pair of downy woodpeckers besides.

Now the little girl knew the secret. . . .
And so do you!



'Tis May

Spring verses by NEWS readers

SPRING

When spring comes, the sun comes, too,
When spring comes, the sky is blue,
When spring comes, the flowers are gay,
When spring comes, I like to play.
So when spring comes, I say, "Hurray!"
I like Spring, and so do you,
And I hope you like this poem, too.

Linda Czey
Frank McCoppin School
San Francisco, Calif.

ROBIN RED BREAST

Little robin redbreast
Sing your pretty song,
Little robin redbreast,
Merrily along.

Little robin redbreast
Coming in the spring,
Little robin redbreast
There can be no rest.

Little robin redbreast,
Will you sing for me?
Little robin redbreast,
Sing for liberty.

Dianne Vample
Nurton Elementary School
Durham, N.C.

THE NATURE OF THINGS

The lips of the owl go woo, woo, woo,
And the lips of the cow go moo, moo, moo.
The fat little pig dances a jig,
When he gets hungry he eats a fig.

Howard Pearlson,
P.S. 181, 1023 New York Ave.
Brooklyn, N.Y.

IT MUST BE SPRING

Birds all sing,
It must be spring.
Trees all bud,
Boys play in the mud.
It must be spring.

Craig Boysen
Hayfield Public School
Hayfield, Minn.

SPRINGTIME

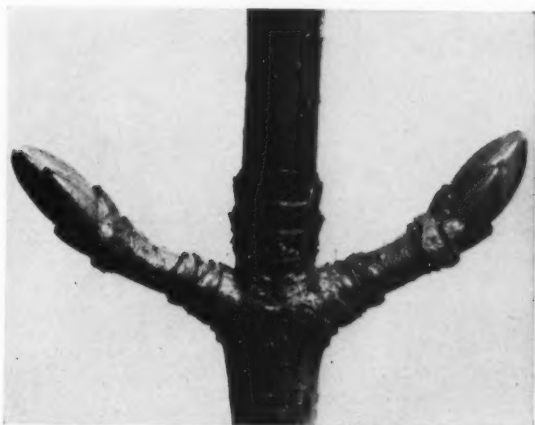
Springtime soon will be here
Bringing fun and lots of cheer,
And children will be out to play
With sweaters of pink and pretty gray.

Judy Geiger
Woodland Avenue School
Pleasantville, N.J.

NATURE QUIZ

Everywhere you look in nature you will find beautiful designs. At the center of many oak trees, for example, is a perfect five-pointed star. Think of the many kinds of leaf you know, each a marvel. Snowflakes—no two alike—come in rich patterns that any artist can envy.

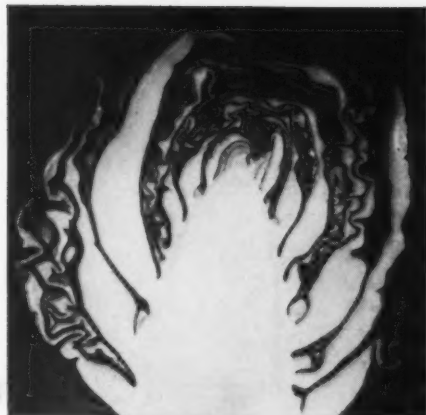
On this page are five of nature's fine designs. Can you guess what they are?



1

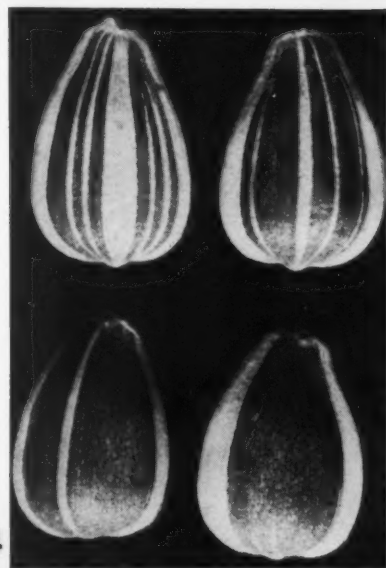


2



Three Lions photos

3



4



5

answers

1. Red Maple twig with two side-buds.
2. Paperwhite Narcissus flower.
3. Red Cabbage, cut vertically.
4. Sunflower seeds.
5. Pepper, cut horizontally.



Spring is Here!



By Thomasina Weber

There's a Ro-bin in the cher-ry tree who's sing-ing loud and clear, "Come

out and join the jub-i-lee, don't you know that Spring is here? The

bees are tell-ing ev-ery flow'r—hear the blue-bells ring! Come

join the song, sing a-long, for now at last it's Spring!"

Illustrated by Jo F. Irwin

